

AUSTRALIANS ENCAMP BEFORE BATTERED DARDANELLES FORT

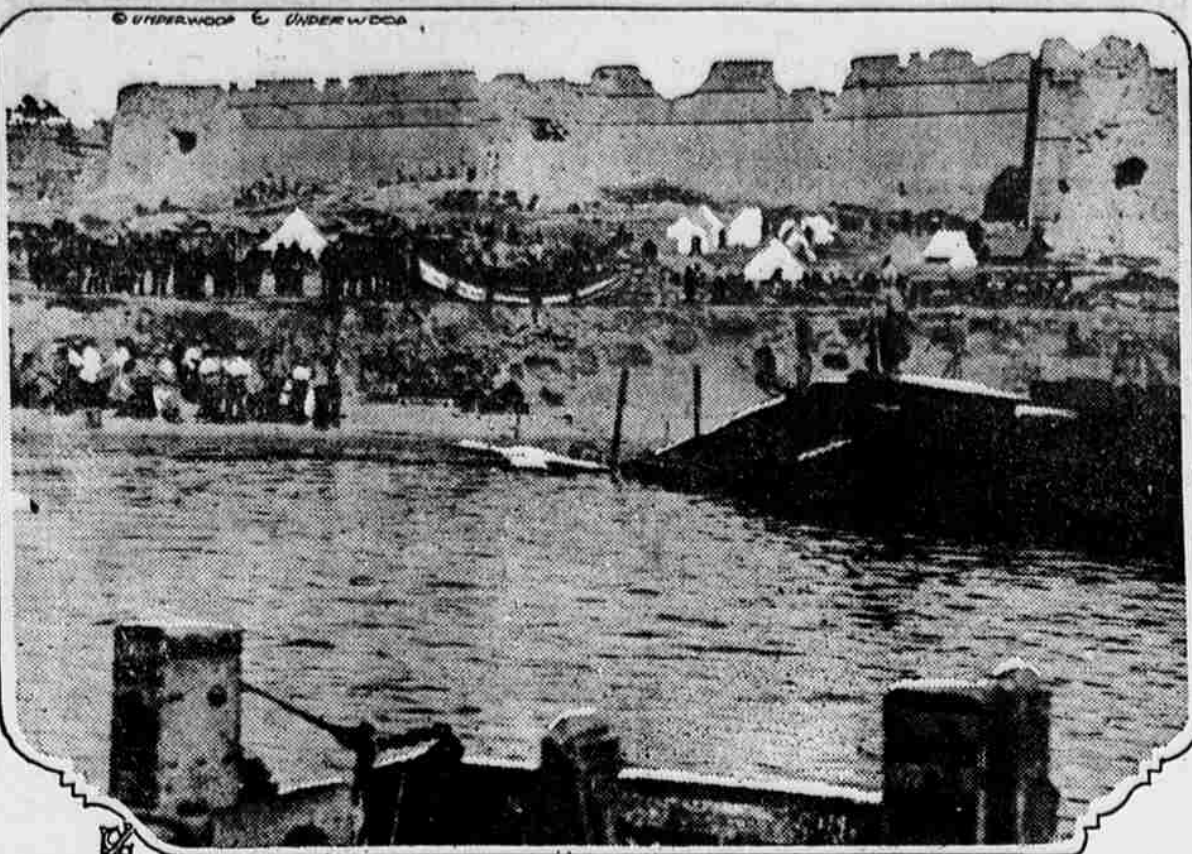


Photo shows a glimpse of the fortress of Sedd-ul-Bahr, the Turkish citadel which in the bombardment by the allies during their progress up the Dardanelles was almost battered to pieces. In the foreground before the ruins are massed some of the allied troops, among whom the Australians are most prominent.

LIBBY THE UNLOVED.

Libby Anderson hung the dishcloth on its accustomed nail, and stood there surveying it. It was plain from the way she looked, that she had determined to speak.

"Ma," she asked of the woman who was sitting before the little round stove, "what were those papers Dave put in his pocket as I came in?"

"Some things he was showin' me."

"Ma," she asked quivering, "you didn't sign anything, did you?"

"I didn't sign your name to anything," And the needles clashed again.

She knew her mother too well to press further.

"I just couldn't understand Dave coming here this time of year," she ventured; "and I thought he acted queer."

The old woman was folding her knitting.

"I'm going to bed, and you'd better come along, too," was her reply.

A week went by, and although Libby had twice forgotten to feed the chickens, and had several times let the kettle burn dry, she was beginning to feel more settled in her mind.

She did up the work one morning and went to town.

Her first call was at the solicitor's, and here she heard the worst. Ma had assigned their home to Dave. She did not make any fuss; she was too old-fashioned for hysterics.

It was not until the old place came in sight that she broke down.

"It's not fair," she cried out, "when I've stayed here and worked—it's not

fair!" And, for the first time in many years, she was crying—passionately crying.

It was a feeling of outraged justice that made her speak, for she was just a woman—the daughter of pa.

"Ma," she said, "do you think pa would like to think of you assigning the place to Dave, when I've stayed here and kept it up the best I could for twenty years?"

"I think you don't realize what you've done," she said; and turned to the bedroom to take off her things.

It was not until the next month, the blustering month of March that all was made clear. It was early in the afternoon when Libby looked from the window and saw a man coming in at the big gate.

"That friend of Dave's from the city is coming, ma," she said.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, "and such a dry as 'tis!"

The stranger warmed his hands, and disburied a number of pleasantries.

"Well, Mrs. Anderson," he said finally, "your son wants me to make a little proposition to you."

Mrs. Anderson looked pleasantly expectant.

"Dave's always makin' propositions," she chuckled.

"He's been a good deal worried about this winter—a raid you were not just comfortable out here—you two, all alone." "Dave's always thinkin' of his mother's comfort," she asserted; and looked triumphantly over to Libby.

"Well," he resumed, turning back to the older woman, "it worries Dave to think of your being out here alone now that you're getting along in years, so he's rented a nice little place in town and he feels sure it would be better all around if you'd just go in and take it."

"If that ain't for all the world like Dave!—always some new idea in his head. But you just tell him, Mr. Mur-

ray, not to be bothering. We don't want to move to town—do we, Libby?"

"Not if we can help it," she replied.

"Dave's been away from the place so long that he don't see just how 'tis," ma explained. "Libby and me wouldn't feel at home no place else."

"It's too bad you feel that way," he went persuasively, "for Dave was so sure you'd like the idea that he's gone ahead and made all arrangements, and I'm afraid there might be a little trouble about unmaking them."

He turned to Libby.

"How soon do you think you could move? By the first of May?"

"I suppose so," she answered, in a dull voice.

April came, and for the fiftieth time the old woman watched the white give way to the green on the hills that curved in and out around her old home.

As long as she could, Libby let her have her dream. Her heart was not hard toward ma now. Ma had not understood. And Libby was glad she could have those few spring days before she was torn from the old home.

"Ma," she began one morning in April, "I will have to be packing up this week."

"Packing up what?"

"Why, don't you remember, ma, we're going to town the first of May?"

"Oh, la, Libby, I've give that up long ago! I'm going to die on the old place."

"But you know, ma, the arrangements have all been made. I'm afraid we'll have to go."

She turned to her crossly.

"There's no use to argue wi' me, Libby Anderson. I ain't goin'!"

"But what about Dave?"

"You can jest write Dave and say his mother don't want to leave the place. Dave won't have nothin' further to say."

She looked off at the meadowland as if it were all settled. Libby would have to tell her.

"Ma," she said, "it's no use to write to Dave."

"Why not?" she demanded, in a half-frightened, half-aggressive voice.

"He's sold the place, ma."

"What's that you say? Something about Dave selling my place? Are you gone crazy, Libby?"

"You know you deeded it to him, ma. It was his after you did that. And he's sold it, and we'll have to move out."

"I didn't think he'd do that," she faltered.

"Never mind, ma," Libby said awkwardly. "Poor ma."

CHICKEN MITES QUICKLY AND EASILY DESTROYED

Poultry raisers will be gratified to learn that a preparation has just been put on the market that spells instant death to Chicken Mites. These annoying and destructive pests can now be exterminated in a few minutes and at a very trifling cost.

Mr. Thompson, of the F. A. Thompson Company, Detroit, announces that his concern has recently placed on the market a "Fumoth" fumigator that kills mites and lice instantly and not by suffocation, like sulphur or formaldehyde. It is harmless and easy to use and eliminates that tedious work of spraying and exposure to the lice and mites.

The fumigators are large sheets of fumigating paper, saturated with a volatile, non-corrosive material that is readily volatilized by heat produced in slow burning. The fumes go into all the cracks and crevices and permeate the straw, killing every insect. There are no after orders and the fowls can be returned immediately afterwards.

One sheet will fumigate a chicken house 10 or 12 feet square in less than one-half hour's time.

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It was the nearest to a caress that had passed between them since Libby was a little girl.

Nothing more was said until after ma had gone to bed. Libby supposed she was asleep, when she called quaveringly to her.

"Libby," she said, "you musn't be thinkin' hard of Dave. He must have thought it for the best."

Libby was used to caring for ma, and she needed care now.

"Yes, ma," she answered; "I'm sure he must."

It was not until the morning of the fourth day that the silence between them was broken. Libby got up to take down the old clock, when she heard a strange noise behind her, and, turning, she saw that ma's head was down low in her hands, and she was rocking passionately back and forward and crying as though her old heart had broken.

Ma did not get up at all next day. Perhaps she was ill, or perhaps it was only that she did not want to go out in the sitting-room and see how unlike home it looked. But the next day she did get up either, and Libby went to town for the doctor. He said the excitement had weakened her, and did not seem very certain she would ever get up again. That night Libby wrote a letter to Dave, asking him again to let his mother die on the old place. A week passed, and an answer had not come, and still ma had not left her bed. The packing was all done. It was the first of May, and she was just waiting—she did not know for what.

Her whole soul rose up against moving ma from the old place now, when her days were so surely numbered; and so she sent a telegram to Dave, telling him his mother was ill, and asking leave to stay a little longer. There came a reply from his partner, saying that Dave was away and would not be home for two weeks.

That night the old woman raised herself and sobbed out the truth.

"It's Dave that's killing me! It's to think Dave sold the place and turned me out to die!"

And then the way opened before Libby, and she saw her path.

The disinherited child wrote a letter that night, and to it she signed her brother's name. Out in the world they might have applied to it an ugly word, but Libby was only caring for ma. She was a long time about it, for it was hard to put things in Dave's round, bold hand, and it was hard to say them in his silky way.

"It ain't that I'm goin' to die," she said, when Libby came in and found her crying; "but I was thinkin' of Dave. I keep thinkin' and thinkin' of him when he was a little boy, and how he used to run about the place, and how pretty he used to look; and then, just as I begin to take a little comfort in rememberin' some of the smart things he said, I have to think of what he has done, and it does seem like he might have waited till—"

But the words were too bitter to be spoken, and, with a hard scraping sound in her throat, she turned her face to the wall.

Libby put her hand to something in her pocket and thought of last night's work with thankfulness.

About eleven o'clock she entered the room with the sheets of a letter in her hand.

"Ma, she said tremulously, 'here's a letter just come from Dave.'

"I knew it'd come—I knew it!" And the voice filled the room with its triumphant ring. Then there crept into her face an anxious look. "What did he say?"

"He's sorry about selling the place, ma. He really thought you'd like it better in town. But he's fixed it up for us to stay. He says you'll never have to leave the place."

"I knowed it—I knowed it well enough! You don't know Dave like I do. But read me the letter."

She did read it, and the old woman listened with tears—glad tears now—falling over her withered cheeks.

"You can just unpack our things," she cried, when it was finished, "and get this place straightened out. The idea of your packin' 'up, and think we was goin' to move to town! Nice mess you've made of it! Jest as if Dave would hear of us leavin' the place. I always knowed you'd never 'preciated Dave."

Before morning broke ma was dead. Happy, because she had back her old faith in Dave—the blind, beautiful faith of the mother in the son. And Libby—the homeless and unloved—was happy, too, for she had finished well her work of caring for ma.

KILL CHICKEN MITES

with "FUMOTH" FUMIGATORS is a new, easy and quick way. No more spraying and exposing one's self to these mites. One or two required for a 10 or 12 foot house, or for every 1,000 cubic feet, and one fumigation cleans them out. A second not likely during the season. Requires half hour to do the fumigation. The fumes go into all the cracks and crevices and permeate the straw, killing every insect, which is not possible with spraying. Can return fowls immediately. Fumes kill instantly and not by suffocation, like sulphur or formaldehyde, and not dangerous to man.

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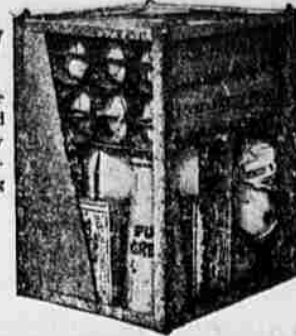


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Toledo, Sunday, June 27th

THERE is not a single inhabitant in this town who does not receive some benefit from the advertisements of our local merchants and enterprises. Publicity benefits.

Economy of Heat and Health.

The average humidity in artificially heated houses is about 30 degrees; the average temperature, 70 to 74 degrees. It has been found by conclusive tests that a room with a humidity of 60 degrees and a temperature of 65 degrees seems warmer and more comfortable than a room of 72 degrees of heat and humidity of 30 degrees. Dr. Henry M. Smith says that if a room at 68 degrees is not warm enough for any healthy person it is because the humidity is too low, and water should be evaporated to bring the moisture up to the right degree. In other words, water instead of coal should be used to make rooms comfortable when the temperature has reached 68 degrees. As water is cheaper than coal the rule should become a popular one.—Chicago Tribune.

Calling Them

Jim was a new porter in the hotel, and he was peeping in his first night at his position. It was five in the morning and so far Jim had done all he was told, and was getting along splendidly.

"Call 17 and 4" commanded the night clerk as he looked over his call sheet. Jim obeyed. After he had been gone for a considerable time the clerk went up to see if he had called the rooms designated.

"Well," sighed the new porter, "I've got seventeen of 'em up, but I haven't started on the other four yet."

PHOTOGRAPHING ITSELF.

A Curious Property of Wood, Especially That Which is Pine Bearing.

A curious property of wood, whereby it is able to photograph itself in the dark, is described by William J. Russell in a paper recently read before the London Royal Society, says Zion's Herald. This property has been shown by experiments to belong probably to all woods, some woods, however, being much more active than others. To obtain a picture the wood must be in contact with or at a little distance above the photographic plate, and must remain there for times varying from half an hour to eighteen hours, and be at a temperature not higher than 131 degrees Fahrenheit.

The wood of the conifers is very active and gives pictures which are very definite. If the action exerted on the plate be owing to the presence of hydrogen peroxide, as has been suggested, it must be produced by the resinous bodies present in the wood; but it is remarkable that there is no action from the dark autumn wood. Resin exists in the dark rings, but apparently under such conditions that it cannot escape. With the spruces the action on the plate is not so definite. With regard to woods other than conifers, oak and beech are both active and give very good pictures, as do also acacia (Robina), Spanish chestnut and sycamore. On the other hand, ash, elm, horse chestnut and plane are, in comparison, but slightly active. Knots in a wood generally, but not always, give a good picture.

Got His Answer.

Uncle—You are a very nice little girl to ask me to have more soup. Now why do you want me to have it?
Niece—So you won't eat so much of the chicken as you did last time.—Filegunde Blatter.

Your interests and ours will be mutually

Kindly Bear this in Mind

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HONOR SYSTEM JOKE AT NAVAL ACADEMY, IS CHARGE; INVESTIGATION IS NOW ON



Robert Moss, father of accused midshipman (left), and Capt. Robert L. Russell, president of board of inquiry.

Seven midshipmen at the Annapolis Naval Academy who are in trouble because they "cribbed" at a recent examination are borne out by the presidents of the classes in the statement that the honor system has failed at Annapolis and that a large majority of the students use unauthorized means in passing examinations. Midshipman James E. Moss is one of the accused "middies." A board of inquiry, with Capt. Robert L. Russell at its head, has made an investigation and recommended the dismissal of Moss and four others.



TIPS FOR TIRED TIRE BUYERS

If you are tired of punctures, cut and worn auto tires, take this tip, you can take two old tires and have them made into a tire that will give you 2,500 miles easily; and the cost is but \$1.50 to \$4.50. This means the cost reduced 75 per cent. The cut above shows Messrs. Lefkowitz and Kaplan, who are the originators and sole manufacturers of Double Tread Tires. Don't worry about your tires and don't pay extra fancy prices. Just drop a

postal or call and the Auto Tire Exchange, 237 East Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., will do the rest. Don't forget two old tires make a dandy new one, and you buy tires here at a wonderful low price—don't sell them for junk, bring them to us, we will make one good tire out of two old tires and guarantee it. A new tire as good as the one we will make will cost you \$10.00 to \$60.00. Let us tell you all about it.